



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

I allude, first, to the revelations made by the Blessed Virgin herself to St. Brigit, which you will find recorded in a large folio Latin volume, entitled the "Revelations of St. Brigit," with notes by Consalvus Durantus, printed at Cologne in 1628, and which Cardinal Bellarmine has referred to in the 4th vol. of his celebrated *Controversies*.

In the 1st book of these Revelations, cap. ix., p. 11, you will find that the Blessed Virgin expressly revealed to St. Brigit that her parents "convenirent *carne contra voluntatem suam ex divina dilectione*;" and in the 6th book, cap. 49, p. 392, further revealed to her in express terms, "Ego concepta fui sine peccato originali et non in peccato." Surely, Mr. Editor, if these revelations were true, they ought to decide the question at once in the affirmative; and there ought to be no doubt whatever on the matter.

The second proof to which I would refer is an equally decisive one, which you will find in Wadding's "Annales Minorum," printed at Rome in 1733, vol. 6, p. 52. It is to this effect: that in the year 1301, when the celebrated John Duns Scotus disputed on the subject before the University of Paris, with such eloquence that he obtained the title of the "Most Subtle Doctor," and induced that learned body to change their opinions on the subject, and make a decree enforcing belief in the newly adopted opinion on all their members, a marble statue of the Blessed Virgin (when he was proceeding to the place of the disputation, and uttered a short prayer beseeching its aid) repeatedly *noddod its head* in approbation of Scotus's doctrine, to signify that supernatural assistance would not be wanting to him, which mode of confirmation of the doctrine was continued by the image moving its head even to the present day, viz., 400 years afterwards. I add the exact words of the original, to remove all doubt.*

Surely, Mr. Editor, such miraculous testimonies as these, if they can be relied on, ought to settle the question beyond dispute, and relieve both the Pope and Dr. Cullen from all further difficulty. I should be glad, at least, to know what you think of the matter.

Yours, dear sir, very truly,

A PROTESTANT LOVER OF TRUTH.

[We think, with our correspondent, that, if such supernatural testimonies as these *could be relied on*, they ought to settle the question of the Immaculate Conception beyond dispute; but we happen to be able to show somewhat satisfactorily that neither the one nor the other can be safely depended on.

As to the revelations of St. Brigit we refer our correspondent to our article on Rival Revelations, page 15 of our present number, in which we think we have said enough to prevent such revelations from being very confidently relied on in future.

As to the miraculous nodding statue, we can only say, that we think we have very good authority for holding the whole story of the conversion of the University of Paris, by Duns Scotus, in 1304 (though stated by some respectable church historians), to be a mere fable; in proof of which we shall merely refer to Natalis Alexander, who clearly demonstrates the whole account to be erroneous; first, because no author who was contemporary with Scotus makes any mention of it whatever; secondly, there is no account of it among the Gallican historians, or of the Pope who directed it to be held; thirdly, the names of Scotus's opponents are wholly unknown; fourthly, there is no record of it in the Archives of Paris; and lastly, the decree said to have been occasioned by Scotus's persuasive arguments was not made till 1497, one hundred and eighty-nine years after his death.

If Natalis Alexander be right in all this, and he is certainly a writer of a very different stamp from Waddingus, we fear the accompaniment of the *nodding marble statue* must vanish with the rest of the story, and will not be of much more use in proving the new doctrine than the revelations of St. Brigit, or the spurious passages and pangeyrics which Dr. Cullen relied on in the pastoral letter which we ventured to criticise in our last number.]

ST. PATRICK'S WELLS AT STRUEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—About a mile from Downpatrick, at a place called Struel (a townland), are situated the famous wells of St. Patrick, so named from the fact, as traditionary lore has it, of that holy man having conferred upon them the miraculous properties which for many centuries they have been believed to possess. These wells are four in number, and occupy, at some short distance from each other, the bottom of a valley, which lies at the base of a high and precipitous hill, called Struel Mount. The centre of this valley, for the space of about half an acre, is surrounded by a stone wall, and is called "The Holy Ground." It was once—some eighteen years ago—a pleasant grass plot, but now is cut up into little patches of kitchen gardens. At the northern extremity of it is situated the

drinking well—an ancient circular building, with a doorway for access to the water. This well is used merely for *drinking*, and has no reputed charm. About the centre of the "holy ground" is the eye well. This is a square building, or vault, with a door-way in one side, where the devotees who seek the cure of some eye-disease kneel and bathe their eyes: the alleged property of this well being the cure of all diseases of the eye, even blindness. The bathing wells, two in number, are at the southern extremity of this enclosure. They differ in no respect as to their miraculous powers, but seem to have enjoyed the distinction that obtains between a plunge and a shower bath—one of them being a regular artificially constructed plunge bath, the other is formed by a rude spout projecting from the wall, about three feet from the ground; here the halt and lame, and the seeker for relief from pains of limb and body, commits his nude corpus to the tender mercies of the aforesaid spout. The plunge bath has been well arranged for immersion. It is approached by a flight of steps, which conduct first to an apartment for undressing; a door from this leads into the bathing-room. A fee was charged for admission here, which made it select; the poorer sort were thus consigned to the "spout." We may add, that the plunge bath has not been used "officially" for several years, and is now occupied as a storehouse for fuel by one of the few Protestants in the hamlet.

Independent of being a noted place for cures of the body, Struel is also honoured with the fame of being profitable for the soul; perhaps in many cases both bodily and spiritual benefit is sought here. But that many come merely for the purpose of doing penance is beyond dispute. The performing of "stations" is done by the devotees walking in single file round the "holy ground," of course encompassing the wells in the circuit. This is called the *long station*, in contradistinction, we suppose, to certain stations which used to be performed inside the "holy ground" when it was a green, and when the circuit was made round several *cairns* which have since been levelled. The usual number of gyrations round the enclosure is seven, but it varies. During "the walk" prayers are repeated and beads told; and on coming round to the northern extremity between the drinking well and the ruins of an old chapel, the votaries kneel down and continue saying prayers for a considerable time. These over, they start to their feet again and perform another gyration, and so on till the appointed number is completed. Then the ascension of the Mount takes place. It is done by the devotees climbing this rugged and precipitous ascent on their *bare knees*. They begin at the base, male and female stripping their knees, and so toiling up to the summit. When they reach St. Patrick's chair (a few large stones placed somewhat in form of an arm chair, and about half way up the Mount) they enter it and make several turns, then proceed on their knee-journey upward. Having reached the summit they rise to their feet, walk down barefooted by a path at some little distance from the line of ascent, and on reaching the bottom return to the starting point, drop on their knees, and repeat the former process as often as their directions have pointed out.

The season for these performances is midsummer eve, and some of the saints' days shortly before and after. But the great occasion is midsummer eve. At 12 o'clock of that night the water is said to overflow; this may have been caused by the number of people *paddling* about the open channel of the current from the eye-well—this being stopped or obstructed would cause a slight swelling in the stream, which, once it has been raised a very little, will naturally flow over a great portion of the ground, as there is a gentle declivity from it.

In the days of Harris, the author of the history of the County Down (A.D. 1744), this object was effected by means of a sluice which retained or transmitted the water at pleasure. At a subsequent period the sluice was withdrawn, and in its place sods substituted, which interested persons removed with their feet at the usual time; and when the expecting devotees saw the water rising in the wells they attributed the phenomena to St. Patrick. Some years ago a respectable inhabitant of Belfast perforated a part of the embankment and let the water escape in another direction, and this disappointed the expectants of the miracle. The wells, of course, remained dry; and in the succeeding years there were but few visitants, comparatively speaking, to this scene of mingled penitence and sensual enjoyment.

Up to a late period these wells were much resorted to. Some thirty years ago, as we have been credibly informed, there could be seen fifty tents pitched in the surrounding fields, wherein whiskey dealers and cooks of potatoes and herrings reaped a rich harvest in ministering to the bodily wants of those who had come from afar on the spiritual errand of doing stations at the wells of St. Patrick; and it not seldom happened that when the spiritual work of one sort had been gone through, a spiritual exercise of another description was entered upon, when the usual consequences followed, as do with the generality of the votaries of our patron saint. So that it sometimes happened that many went away with more fresh wounds made than old sores healed. In these tents, and in the adjoining fields, under the canopy of a pure sky, they spent the whole night indulging in gratifications of no very holy character; for it was understood that while the jubilee continued, and as long as the multitudes remained on the sacred ground, they could not contract new guilt!

Of late years, however, the glory of Struel has much declined. It is now evening twilight with the glory of the holy wells. Would that we could say it is the morning dawn of Gospel light that is breaking in and extinguishing the old earthly flame, by the effulgence of the divine fire from heaven. But we believe that, at least in these parts, it is rather the fear of ridicule which keeps many away, than the true and faithful following of that heavenly light which directs to the only "fountain opened for sin and uncleanness" (Zech. xiii. 1). In the neighbourhood of Struel itself the Roman Catholic population still believe steadfastly in the efficacy of their "holy wells."

I have said that the fame of these wells is declining, but it is not yet gone. It is true the tents have disappeared, and the roads of the district have ceased to be thronged towards midsummer with parties of toil-worn devotees, from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, from towns of England and Scotland. Still, I have been assured by an eye-witness, that last year there were present not fewer than from 300 to 400 of those poor people coming for cures, or to do penance. The writer of this saw, but a few years ago, at least two-thirds of that number present at once, some doing stations, some at the wells, and some climbing the mount. Memory still retains a vivid picture of it. The motley groups, some kneeling in a circle, others in long file, performing the gyrations round the "holy ground;" some gathered round the eye-well, and some bending over its waters; others hard at work, climbing the "face of the rugged mount." The red kerchiefs, tied over the heads of most of the women, gave an eastern aspect to the scene. But then, here and there, the old knee-breeches costume of many of the men, the frieze coat and sun-browned *caubeen*, brought home our thoughts to our own land, mixing up ideas, howsoever irreverently, of shillelaghs and whiskey. There were present youthful devotees, as well as old; and how the open, innocence-speaking countenances of the young females did contrast with the wizened faces of the old! In young or old, however, the attention was rivetted to the work in hand. On, on they went, looking neither to the right nor to the left; and even when a more curious visitor approached closer to the penal path, scarce would a side glance from any evince that they were conscious of aught around them or without them. We may deplore the blindness and the superstition of these poor people; but we must, at the same time, admire the spirit of devotion that actuates them in the discharge of a work that they deem acceptable to God.

In all ages, and in all climes, where the blessed story of the cross is not preached—where the work of the Lord Jesus is not understood—where his precious blood-shedding is not taught and believed to be the alone propitiation, satisfaction, and atonement for sin—men have resorted, and will resort, to the miserable refuge of an accusing conscience—viz., the attempt to propitiate an angry God in whatever way their unaided reason points out. The Hindoo drags his prostrate body along the ground for years, or half-roasts it over some sacred fire to please his God, or at once commits it to the waves of the Ganges, or the wheels of Juggernaut. The Gaelic Druid erected his wicker basket, interwoven with a hundred human victims, and committing it to the flames, rejoiced in the holocaust to his God. And those of our poor fellow-countrymen who have not been instructed in the lesson of the cross—who have not heard the good tidings of great joy (Luke ii. 10, 11), that a Saviour was born who saves not only from the punishment of sin (Rom. iii. 5, viii. 1), which the devotees at the wells so vainly attempt to do (Gal. ii. 16), but also saves His people from the *dominion* of sin (Matt. i. 21), how little will the laceration and wounding of the body prevent a recurrence of those very sins for which they are enduring merely corporeal suffering! We know it has failed in civil punishments, as well as in ecclesiastical. But those who come to Jesus, and receive Him into their hearts by faith, undergo a moral change (how sudden or gradual soever it may be); the love of Christ constrains them to a holy and good life. They cannot sin (*i.e.*, wilfully or habitually), because they will not offend Him (1 John iii. 9). They have come to the cross—they have washed in the fountain of Christ's blood—and for evermore their continual care is to keep God's commandments (John xiv. 15). May their fervent daily prayer be, that He will incline them to keep His laws, and write them in their hearts.—Yours, dear sir, very truly,

R. P.

HOLY WELLS AND PRIESTS' GRAVES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Though in some places in Ireland the belief in holy wells is on the wane, and in not a few confined to old people devoid of education, it is still but too true that the rage for holy wells is in many other localities as great as ever. St. Kevin's Well, near Ahascra, is still visited by great numbers. St. Patrick's Lough is also the resort of thousands on Patrick's Day, in the expectation of being cured of various maladies. Salterstown, or Palsalterstown, near Castlebellingham, is also famous for its holy wells.

Pilgrimages are still in great esteem and regularly made by thousands to the holy wells at St. Mullins, near New Ross, where the belief in divers miraculous cures and other superstitions is deeply implanted in the minds of the peasants. In the parish of Clontuskert, in the

* Wadding's *Annales Minorum*. Romæ, 1733, tom. vi., p. 52, A.D. 1304, cap. xxxv.

"Qui de publico hoc ejus congressu scribunt, illud singulare et mirandum commemorant, quod cum ad disputationis locum procederet (Joannes Duns Scotus) coram obvia B. Virginis statua marmorea breviter oraverit, ejusque opem expostulavit, simulacrum vero, inclinato capite, significavit supernum ei non defuturum auxilium. Communis ita fert populi Parisianis traditio, ipsaque imago rem confirmat patent, et usque ad hodiernum diem, perseveranti capitis inclinatione."

County of Galway, there is a holy well dedicated to St. Augustine, and the whole parish is said to be under his patronage; a brook separates it from the adjoining parish of Aughrim; and it is strange to see the men working on the same day on one side of the brook and lounging about on the other wholly unoccupied.

Holy wells and charms of various kinds are also much in vogue in the neighbourhood of Valentia and Cahirciveen, in the County Kerry. There is a holy well, too, in Murragh parish much frequented, in the neighbourhood of Bandon. Priests' graves are also much visited in various parts of the country; one near Skibbereen has many visitors for miraculous cures. Men are not unfrequently seen gathering clay on the supposed grave of St. Patrick, at Downpatrick; and in one place which I have heard of in the county of Cork there is a popular superstition that the earth which comes from the grave of a priest has great healing powers when mixed with water and *actually drank!* In another, near Magherafelt, Priest Michel's grave is considered so efficacious in curing diseases, that the earth of it is almost all carried away to place beside the sick in bed. I could multiply instances of similar superstition, but probably the above samples will be as much as you may have room for at the present.—Yours truly,

VIATOR.

THE ADVENTURES OF A JUMPER.

MR. EDITOR,—As Jerry and I were coming home yesterday after the day's work, we heard such a hullabaloo that you'd think the Russians had taken the town; and when we came nearer, we saw the reader in the middle of the street and all the idle gossoms in the parish around him; and whenever he'd try to say a word they'd set up a screech that you'd hear a mile off, and then they'd sing a ballad against the readers; and here's the first verse—

"O, ye Biblemen, soppers, and jumpers,
No wonder ye work for your pay;
For ye knock out an illegant living
By leading poor souls the wrong way.
But it's little ye care for the murder
Of any unfortunate souls
While you have, instead of wet lumpers,
Your beef, and your bacon, and rowls."

And then one fellow would cry out, "A groan for the jumpers;" and another would cry, "How are you off for soup?" and then the women began, and sure enough 'twas nothing till they opened at him. They gave him the length and breadth of the English language in abuse, and when that failed them they took to the Irish, and I'll engage 'twas they that gave tongue. But at last old Larry Poole, the pensioner, came out, and says he to the reader, "What's setting all the people against you this way?" "Well," says he, "the only harm I done was to read the Douay Bible in one of the houses hard by; that's the worst fault they can lay to my charge." "Anyhow," says Larry, "I'm an old soldier, and I don't like to see a hundred against one, for that's not fair play; so come into my house until they're gone." So the reader went in, and we followed him; and when the door was shut, old Larry says to the reader, "I thought that a decent man like you would have more sense than to be vexing the people by reading a book that they don't like." "Well," says the reader, "I'm sorry to see that there are some amongst them that don't wish to hear God's Word; but there are others that do, and it's my duty to read it for them; and," says he, "a man should do his duty whether it brings him good will or ill will." "I'll never say against that," says Larry; "for that's a soldier's motto—always to do his duty, no matter what comes of it; and," says he, "you had great patience entirely with them, and I think the better of you for not returning their curses and abuse." "Sir," says the reader, "that was as much my duty as the reading; for my Master's commands are strict—'love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you;'^a so that I was only obeying orders." "And good orders they are," says Larry, "whoever gave them to you." "They are the orders of our Lord Jesus Christ," says the reader. "But," says Larry, "don't you see that it's quite useless to be talking to the likes of them; if you were to be at it for five years you'd never make converts of them." "Well," says the reader, "I didn't expect to hear that argument from an old soldier; and I'll go bail you didn't argue that way yourself when your officer gave the word of command, but you did your best to obey orders, even when there didn't seem the least chance of success." "True for you," says old Larry; "we'd have marched up to the cannon's mouth if we were ordered; and," says he, "I was one of the forlorn hope that stormed the breach at Sebastien, and there wasn't one amongst us that expected to come back alive; but that made no difference, for we knew our duty, and determined to do it. So when the captain gave the word, on we went, though we felt that we were marching to our death, and though shot and shell fell amongst us, though friends and comrades perished by our sides, we never stopped until the breach was won. I lost an arm, but I never grudged it; for I was only doing my duty, and fighting for my king and country." "Well," says the reader, "that's the very way with us; we're obeying the orders of the Great Captain of our salvation, and when you stood bravely by your earthly commander, why

should we flinch from our heavenly captain, who laid down his life for ours. We, Protestants, consider that we are obeying the orders of our Lord Jesus Christ in sending the message of salvation to benighted savages and to ignorant heathens, and we think it *still more our duty* to make the gospel known to our fellow-countrymen at home. We don't lose courage even though success should at times appear doubtful, for our word of command is—'forward,' and our motto—'Ireland expects that every man will do his duty.' "Well," says Larry, "the never a one of me can blame you for reading the Bible to the people, so long as you think it your duty; but," says he, "tell us what was it that first made yourself turn Protestant?" "Well," says the reader, "strange to say, 'twas a sermon from a priest." "How was that?" says we. "Why," says he, "the controversy was going on for a long time, but I never minded it good or bad. I never went to a lecture or meeting, for I was quite certain that we were right; but one Sunday the priest made a great attack on the Bible, he said that 'twas the devil's book, and only fit to be burned, and he ordered any one that had a Bible to bring it to him at once, or he'd put his heavy curse on them. So this set me thinking, and says I to myself, though I don't know a word that's in the Bible, still one thing is plain, that it must be against the priests or they wouldn't be so much against it; and shortly after I seen a notice from the Protestants, saying that they'd sell Douay Bibles to Roman Catholics at half-price; so I put this and that together, and says I to myself, surely the Bible must be for the Protestants or they'd never be giving it out this way. So after a while I got one, and I wasn't long reading it when I seen that I was right. I found that it was for the Protestants and dead against the priests." "Did you become a Protestant then?" says Jerry. "No," says the reader, "not for a couple of years after. I kept on reading the Bible, and when I found that 'twas clean against us I got very uneasy in my mind, and I'd say to myself, surely that can't be a safe Church to live in that's opposed to God's word, and surely it can't be a safe Church to die in; and how can I tell what day God may call me out of this world, and then what's to become of my precious soul. But, still, though I seen plainly that the Church of Rome was wrong, many things hindered me from coming out openly; there was the pain of leaving the religion that I was born and bred in; for though I had long ceased to put any trust in it, and hadn't gone to chapel for many a day, still 'twas a very different thing to have to give it up publicly, by going to church, and then there was the shame of having the neighbours pointing to me as a turn-coat, for at that time I thought more of man's praise than God's; and then there was the fear of being put out of work, and the terrible curse that would be laid on me, so I did my best not to think of the errors that I seen, and I strove to banish the matter entirely from my mind, but all wouldn't do. I heard the voice of God constantly saying, 'Go out from her that you be not partaker of her sins, and that you receive not of her plagues;' and then conscience got strong in me, and began to say, 'You're ashamed to confess Jesus Christ;' but remember what He says himself, 'He that shall be ashamed of my words, of him the Son of Man shall be ashamed when He shall come in his majesty, and that of his Father, and of the holy angels;' and then I'd say to myself, if I turn the priests will set the people at me, and I'll be fairly killed. But, then, that verse would come into my mind, 'Fear ye not them that kill the body, and are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear Him that can destroy both soul and body into hell.' And then I'd try to get off of it, by saying to myself, if I turn the poor childer will be starved, for no one will dare sell us a pound of flour, or a loaf of bread; but, then, that verse came to me, 'Man liveth not by bread alone, but by every word of God.' And then I'd say to myself, if I turn, 'twill be the death of my poor old father and mother; but, then, I'd remember the words of our blessed Lord, 'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me.' So when I found that all the excuses couldn't give peace to my mind, I at last determined to do my duty, no matter what it cost, and I left the Church of Rome for ever." "And when you turned did you get all the bad treatment you expected?" says Jerry. "I did," says he, "and more than I could tell you. 'Twass a sore trial, and if God hadn't supported me I never could have stood it; for it's hard on a man to have to give up the religion that has twined around his heart from the years of childhood; and it's hard on him to have to quit the old chapel where his forefathers had knelt and prayed; and it's hard on him that his bones can't rest near the bones of them he loved, but must be laid in a strange grave, where none belonging to him were ever laid before; and it's hard on him to have a cry raised after him, as if he was a mad dog, and to see the neighbours, who were once kind and loving, now become his bitterest foes, and even the very children shrinking from him, and crossing themselves when he passes by, as if he was an evil spirit; and it's hard on him to have to leave the old house where he spent many a happy day, and to go out on the cold world without a friend and without a home, and to have the awful curse pronounced against him that separates him from his fellow-men, and makes him an unclean thing, whose very presence is pollution—that fearful curse, whose blighting influence is supposed to descend upon its victim, and then follow him, step by step, in his course through life, with-

ing all that he loves, tracking him even to the grave, and then clinging to his soul in the other world, and blasting him for ever. All this is hard for flesh and blood to bear, but I knew that 'twould be harder still to bear the anger of God, so I held on to the truth, and I've never repented it. 'I cast my care upon the Lord, and he sustained me.' I lost many of my earthly friends, but I found one that was worth them all, even the friend that sticketh closer than a brother. I gave up house, and home, and friends, and relatives; but I can say, with David, 'though my father and my mother have left me, the Lord hath taken me up.' I can now put my trust in Him for the future, and say, 'the Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? the Lord is the protector of my life, of whom shall I be afraid.' And," says he, "my greatest desire now is to make known to others the salvation that has given peace to my own soul; and," says he, "it surprises me entirely that Roman Catholics should be angry with the Protestant minister for reasoning with them; sure it's nothing but love for your souls that makes them speak to you; and, if they didn't love you, they wouldn't trouble themselves about you; if they didn't love you, they wouldn't care whether you had Bibles or not; but it's because they love you they are always urging you to get the word of God and read it for yourselves." "Well," says Jerry, "that's the truth anyhow; for the never a bit do they gain by it but trouble." "That's all, then," says the reader, "as you know right well; and," says he, "suppose that every Roman Catholic in Kilovenogue became a Protestant tomorrow, would the ministers be anything the better by it? No, they wouldn't get a penny more than they do at present, and they'd have to visit you when you were sick, and to christen you, and marry you, and bury you, without getting a farthing more than they do now; and," says he, "'twould be much easier for the ministers to let you go your own way, and then they wouldn't have the trouble of giving lectures, and holding meetings, and printing papers, all on your account; but," says he, "they love you, and they care for your souls, and they consider it their duty to strive to make the truth known to you, and that's the only motive they have in carrying on the controversy; and now," says he, "I'll ask you a fair question, and give me a fair answer. Can any one of you tell me any other motive they could have?" "Well, sir, we had to allow that we couldn't see any other reason; so the reader says again to us, "Boys," says he, "put it out of your heads entirely that the ministers have any ill will towards you, and if any one tells you that they don't love you, don't believe him, but use your own common sense, and you must see that their only motive in speaking to you is because they love you, and desire the salvation of your souls;" and with that he left us.

Your humble servant to command,

DAN CATHY.

We have received a letter, signed "John Smith," as to the propriety of inserting which we feel doubtful.

This journal is intended for the discussion of the points at issue between the Church of England and the Church of Rome, and not of those between the Church of England and dissenters. Should we, indeed, be addressed by an inquiring Roman Catholic, convinced of the errors of his own Church, but undecided as to what body of Christians he should join himself, we should then not scruple to travel a little beyond what we consider our proper province in maintaining the claims of our Church. Under the belief that the letter of Mr. John Smith came from such a person, we had actually put it in type, together with an answer to it. On reading his letter, however, more carefully, we find that Mr. Smith no where states that he is a Roman Catholic, and this materially alters our opinion as to the propriety of inserting his letter. If Mr. John Smith be a Protestant, and cannot satisfy his difficulties about the Prayer-book by a reference to any of the eminent liturgical writers, we recommend him to address his letter to some of the periodicals published by the members of the Church of England. The *United Church Journal*, for instance, has contained several discussions on the subject on which Mr. Smith writes, and doubtless would willingly insert his letter.

But if Mr. John Smith can state that he is a Roman Catholic, we think that he ought to begin with what he promises to do next, namely—to discuss some of the points of difference between the Church of England and the Church of Rome. When we have satisfied him on these points, we shall then have no objection to insert his present letter, which we shall keep in type for any reasonable time for the purpose.

FARM OPERATIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Bere may be sown early in the month, either for soiling or for seed. Plough or dig the land into 6 or 8 feet ridges, harrow and sow, at the rate of 12 to 16 stone per Irish acre; harrow, lightly, and finish by covering with the shovels from the furrows; it requires a richer and more friable soil than rye.

Cabbages.—By the middle or end of the month make good the misses amongst the cabbages planted out last October, and prepare for, and plant out, a successful breath from the nursery beds.

^a Matt. v. 44.^b Apoc. xviii. 4. ^c Luke ix. 27. ^d Matt. x. 28. ^e Luke iv. 4.^f Matt. x. 37.^g Psalm lxxv. 23. ^h Psalm cxv. 10. ⁱ Psalm xvi. 1, 2.